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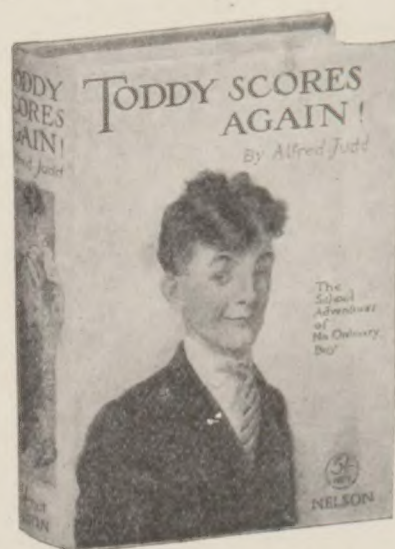
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JUNE 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Shell Gatherers

BY PHILIPPA FRANCKLYN

"I LOVE mother teaching us," said Janey Travers, "but I do want to go to school in Sydney."

"Father says," replied her sister Betty, "that the station has been run at a loss. The sickness among the cattle and the loss of those two thoroughbred horses make it impossible for him to find the money for our schooling—for this year at least."

"Can't we earn the money somehow?" asked Janey, looking anxiously at the clock.

"I don't see how we can." Betty did not speak hopefully. "There is nothing we can do on a station. Unless we asked father to let us do some boundary riding."

Janey giggled gleefully. "Just fancy being out riding for four whole days, and sleeping in a little hut at the end of the day, with only Rover for company; and big goannas (iguanas) to wish you good-night from the top of the roof, and dawn-of-day-boys to wake you at dawn with their shrieking."

"Ugh! don't talk about it. You know I hate goannas," laughed Betty. "It's half-holiday today; what shall we do?"

"Let's ask father if we can't ride with him to the beach. He passes quite close to the sea on his way to Sunken Springs, and we could stay and gather shells while he goes on. Then he could pick us up on his return in the evening."

"Right-o," agreed Betty, as she bent over her geography lesson. "Don't you think," she added, a little while later, "we might make a collection of shells, and sell them?"

"And make money for our schooling in Sydney. Betty, you're a genius!"

"I only remembered what Lilla Morgan said."

"What did she say?"

"You know the long shell drift that is generally to be found at the Point, where the tide swirls round before it races up the Rift? She saw it one day, and said that if we collected the live shells—the ones with fish in them—we might sell the rare ones to museums."

"So we might," returned Janey; "and perhaps we might make necklaces."

"We might find a big pearl. There was a big willy-willy (circular storm) a few days ago, and Micky

Fee said that it had washed up heaps of pearl oysters, and the tide had swept over the Rift and broken down the banks."

"Girls, girls, you are talking too much. You will never finish your lessons," interrupted their mother, who had just come into the room.

"We're really going to learn lessons as hard as we can, mother. We were only planning ways and means of paying for our schooling in Sydney. Can we go with father and stay on the beach while he goes on to Sunken Springs?"

"And gather shells," added Janey.

"Certainly you may; but don't get into any mischief," replied Mrs. Travers, as she left the room to superintend some household matter.

Not very long after the midday meal the girls were gaily cantering over the wide stretches of grass land on their way to the beach.

"Why, there's Micky Fee," cried Betty, as the old bullabonger came into sight. "What have you been getting, Micky?" she cried, as she cantered up to the old man. "Something good?"

"You bet I have," said Micky, holding out an extremely dirty hand on which glowed a beautiful white sphere. "My, ain't it beau-ti-ful?" he added, gazing lovingly at the pearl.

"Where did you find it?" asked Janey, as her father and the head stockman drew rein and stopped to admire the pearl.

"You know the willy-willy last week? Well, it sent the tide roaring up the Rift, and at the head it washed out a big hole. I was walking across it, when I saw the pearl staring me in the face, and I just picked it up. What's it worth, Boss?"

"That I cannot say," replied Mr. Travers; "but as it looks very perfect in shape, it ought to be worth a good round sum."

Micky Fee continued his way to the station-house, and the riders cantered on until the girls reached the beach. They were very much excited about the pearl, and hoped that they would find one too. At any rate they would explore the Rift, and see if the tide had washed out any more treasures.

"How could the pearl get there?" asked Betty. "It must be a mile from the beach."

"Very easily," replied the head stockman. "No doubt the pearl oysters were much more plentiful before the pearling fleets started fishing for them, and

the blackfellows probably carried them inland to open and eat. I've heard men say that when they first went to New Guinea there were great piles of oyster shells all along the coast, and pearls were frequently found among them. So I expect Micky Fee's pearl was taken inland in much the same way."

"How many pearls would keep us at school for a year?" inquired Betty.

"Depends on the size and colour," laughed Mr. Travers. "A handful would probably do it."

"Then we'll get a handful," replied Betty, with an air of finality.



"Don't forget the tide," warned the head stockman; "it's dangerous in the Rift. There's no escape from it once it comes rushing up."

"We'll take care," cried both the girls, as they cantered down to the beach, hobbled their horses, and stowed their water-bottle and tucker-bag in the heart of a low-growing bush.

"There's one thing, the tide won't be in for hours. Look how far out it is. We had better go straight for the head of the Rift and look for more pearls."

"No, let's gather a few shells from the drift first of all," objected Janey. "There are such piles of

good ones, and the tide will have covered them before we come back."

"Very well," replied Betty, who looked longingly at the line of the Rift, that cut deeply into the shore and stretched for a mile or more into the land, forming a deep sandy channel, down which flowed a narrow stream. The banks were high and sandy, as they were so frequently washed away that no vegetation could succeed in obtaining a footing on the steep sides of the "wash-outs."

The two girls collected quite a number of beautiful shells, but none of them seemed at all rare as far as they knew, and after stowing them away in a basket they set out to explore the Rift. They could see Micky Fee's footprints under the bank, so instead of keeping to the top they carefully followed them. The Rift wound in and out, curving sometimes in wide circles, at other times almost doubling upon itself; but still Micky Fee's footprints led on and on.

"We must have walked miles," cried Betty, looking discontentedly across the Rift. "I believe this old Rift is simply winding itself up."

"It's pretty twisty; but I wouldn't mind that if I could see even a sign of a pearl oyster shell. There's nothing but heaps and heaps of little crabs, two dead fish, and a small turtle. It's awfully exciting!"

"I vote we turn back," remarked Janey.

"Let's go on till Micky Fee's footprints stop. Perhaps we'll find something then."

"Perhaps; but let's run, and then we'll climb out of this Rift and make back to the beach. It is heaps more interesting."

The two girls hurried as quickly as possible until they came to the big "wash-out" Micky Fee had spoken about. But although they searched the whole surface of the "wash-out," and even examined the sides of it, they could see nothing that looked even like an oyster shell. Only layers of great masses of driftwood and ancient seaweed showed that the sea had once covered the whole place.

"That's that," snapped Betty. "Come along, Janey; we'll get back again as fast as we can."

"Perhaps we could go on a bit farther and find something," urged Janey, who was always reluctant to own herself beaten.

"No," announced Betty in very firm tones; "we're just going back to the beach."

They walked quickly back, and had perhaps traversed a quarter of the distance, when Betty sat down on the sand and declared that she could not walk another step until she had had a good rest.

"There's such a funny rumbling," remarked Janey, who was leaning against the sand of the bank. "It gets growing louder."



"It's just the song of the sand. I've heard of singing sands. Perhaps this is a singing sand."

"It isn't singing; it's a rumbling roar, and it's getting louder. I think it is the tide."

"It can't be," cried Betty, springing to her feet and looking down the Rift. A bend hid most of it from her view. Then she turned pale. "I think it is, Janey. I can hear it quite plainly. Whatever shall we do?"

"Run as hard as we can," cried Janey. "We might get to the end of the Rift before it comes."

"The tide would soon overtake us, and it comes in a wave mountains high, Micky Fee says. We must climb out."

"We can't," cried Janey, who was trying to obtain a foothold in the sand. "The bank breaks away under my feet. I only slip back."

The rumbling roar grew louder and louder, and the two girls raced madly along the bottom of the bank, seeking a way out. There seemed nothing but the steep banks, with here and there a layer of driftwood showing in a long, dark line about half-way up the bank. But it was quite eight feet above their heads.

Suddenly Betty gave a cry of joy. One larger piece of driftwood—it was really the trunk of a tree—jutting out and looked as if it would give a foothold. But it was fully nine feet above their heads.

"We can't reach it," wailed Janey, her face white with terror; for the rumbling roar was now deafening, and every minute the foaming bank of the incoming tide might appear around the bend.

"I'll stand against the bank and you can climb up," said Betty very quietly. "If you get on to my shoulders you ought to be able to reach the driftwood."

Janey climbed up quickly, almost tumbling back again with fear as the raging of the tide sounded ominously closer. She, however, reached Betty's shoulders, and then sprang up and caught the wood, swinging herself up into safety.

"This old tree trunk is ever so firm," announced Janey. Then she looked down towards the bend in the Rift. "Betty! Betty!" she screamed, as she saw the huge bank of tumbling waters that was sweeping around the bend. "The tide! The tide! Do hurry! Jump and catch my hands!" She lay down across the trunk and reached down, but either through nervousness or not, Betty did not seem able to catch hold of Janey's hands. She jumped several times; then, with the roaring tide coming closer, she cried out that she could not do it, and fled wildly up the Rift. Janey gave a wail of despair, and then

clung frantically to the trunk, for the swirling tide was upon her, and for a few seconds threatened to drag her from the perch on which she hung. When

the tide had passed Janey stood up on the trunk, and leaning her head upon her arms, sobbed bitterly. She knew Betty must be drowned.

"O Betty, Betty!" she wailed. "Betty!" The tide was now flowing over her feet. No longer a violent, roaring torrent, it yet flowed swiftly, and was quickly getting higher and higher. She tried to reach the top of the bank, but found that it was quite a foot above her reach. "I suppose I shall be drowned as well as Betty," she moaned, noting how steadily the water was gradually creeping upwards. "O Betty! Betty!" she cried again.

"All right, old girl!" came a voice from over her head. "Don't get agitated."

"The tide didn't get you?" cried Janey, looking up into the laughing face of her sister.

"It was an awfully narrow squeak. I only just got out in time. You remember we never saw Micky Fee's footprints coming back again? Well, I recollected that in time, and just ran as hard as I could, and found a 'wash-out' with a sloping bank, and scrambled up just as the tide came roaring past. I got well splashed, but nothing more. And, Janey! I've found heaps of pearl oyster shells embedded in the bank. I uncovered them as I rushed up and the sand gave way under my feet. Here, give me your hand and I'll haul you up. Then we'll go and see if any pearls are to be found among those shells."

They were more or less wet, but the Australian sun is always warm; besides, they were too excited to care, for mingled with the layers of pearl oyster shells were gleaming white spheres. Janey spread her handkerchief on the ground and laid the pearls in it. The deposit of pearl shells was quite a large one, and the girls wondered if it had once been a bed of pearl oysters. It was not very deep under the surface of the sand, and this they scraped away, sifting the grains of sand very gently through their fingers, so that nothing in the shape of a pearl could escape them. Then, when they had carefully searched the whole of the deposit, they examined their find. There were ten beautifully smooth big white pearls; a large number of varying shapes and sizes; and about twenty more of perfect shape, but most of them small.

"I wonder," said Betty softly, as they packed away the pearls into the handkerchief and walked off towards the beach, "whether we have found enough pearls to take us to school for a year?"

"Father said a handful, and this is more than a handful," said Janey quietly. "I'm sure there will be enough for our school fees."

And so it turned out. There was enough for school fees for several years, and sufficient over to give both Janey and Betty a nest egg in the Savings Bank.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



Two wireless amateurs were arguing about who had the best wireless.

The first said to the other: "I heard from Africa the other evening."

"That's nothing," said the other, "I heard the two minutes' silence in London."

Sent in by WALTER SCOTT,
Auchter Cottage, Bonkle Road, Newmains, Lanarkshire,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE professor was laying down a paved walk in his garden. Tommy crossed it before the mixture was dry. A friend said to the professor, "Why, I thought you liked children. You frowned terribly at Tommy."

"I like them in the abstract," said the professor, "but not in the concrete."

Sent in by EDNA MAY BOSWELL,
126 Heythorp Street, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher (after giving the class a lesson on Yorkshire and seeing Tommy not attending). "Tommy, what is the chief thing we get from Yorkshire?"

Tommy (quickly). "Yorkshire pudding, Miss."

Sent in by EPHRAIM HOY,
6 Victoria Villas, Clontarf, Dublin.

✦ ✦ ✦

A MAN was standing in the street begging for money. The man said, "Give a copper to a poor man so that he can join his wife and children."

Lady. "Where are they?"

Man. "At the pictures."

Sent in by ALICE GARLICK,
Shore Side, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

✦ ✦ ✦

MR. and Mrs. Jones had been invited to a friend's house for tea, and the time had arrived for preparing for the visit.

"Come along, dearie," said Mrs. Jones to her three-year-old son, "and have your face washed."

"Don't want to be washed," came the reply.

"But," said mother, "I want my little boy to have a nice clean face for the ladies to kiss." Upon this persuasion he gave way, and was washed.

A few minutes later he stood watching his father's preparation.

"Ha, ha, Daddy," he said. "I know why you're washing."

Sent in by MARY DAWSON,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

Mother (to little boy). "Tommy dear, you must not eat so much cake, you are too little."

Tommy. "But I am not so little inside as I am outside, Mummy."

Sent in by DENISE SMITH,
St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall.

✦ ✦ ✦

Two milkmen were discussing the merits of their milk.

First Milkman. "My milk is all right; it has been paralyzed by the public anarchist."

Sent in by MADELINE HOLMES,
17 Hodgkinson's Road, East Kirkby, Notts.

✦ ✦ ✦

A MAN was trying to get on a donkey and the animal had caught its hind foot in the stirrup. Seeing the animal's predicament the man cried: "Neddy! Neddy! if you're getting on then I'm getting off."

Sent in by HARRY GREAVES,
18 New Street, East Kirkby, Notts.

✦ ✦ ✦

"WHAT are you doing, Doris?"

"I'm writing a letter to Maisie."

"But, darling, you don't know how to write."

"Dat's all right. Maisie don't know how to read."

Sent in by DOROTHY DUBBER,
14 Burnhill Road, Beckenham, Kent.

✦ ✦ ✦

ONE day an American strode up to a fruit stall in Glasgow, and picking up the largest melon he could see, remarked to the man behind the counter,—

"Is this the best you can do in the way of apples in this country?"

Sandy turned on him furiously, shouting,—

"Put down that grape!"

Sent in by RAYMOND W. WILSON,
154 Rawling Road, Gateshead, Durham.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN old lady was once in a great hurry to catch a train. She wanted a mouse-trap to take with her, because her house was infested with mice, so she ran into a hardware shop and said: "Give me a mouse-trap please, I want to catch the train."

Sent in by JOHN BAIN,
71 Regent Street, Greenock.

✦ ✦ ✦

"COME into my garden," said Robinson to his neighbour, Smith. "I have just bought a new dog, and I'd like you to see it."

For some time the two friends stood watching the puppy, which was vainly trying to catch its own tail.

"What sort of a dog do you call that?" asked Smith.

"A watchdog."

"Ah, then, I suppose it is just winding itself up!"

Sent in by ALLAN STEVENSON,
Glenview, Chapelhall.

Have You a Garden?

SPECIAL WEMBLEY EXHIBITION
GARDENING ARTICLE

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

I WONDER if you will be very disappointed if, instead of telling you, as I promised last month, how to keep your cut flowers fresh for a long time, I



THE ROCK GARDENS—PALACE OF INDUSTRY IN BACKGROUND.

tell you of two gardens I have visited lately—one the largest and one the smallest I have ever seen. Both are gardens that you will know by name—Wembley Park and the Queen's Doll's House.

At school for the past two or three months, in connection with your lessons on the British Empire



MAKING THE LAKE.

The celebrated island is on the left, and the Palace of Industry on the right.

Exhibition during History and Geography classes, you will constantly have heard of this huge Exhibition.

Now, it chanced that after visiting Wembley before the Exhibition opened, I was telling some of my little gardening friends what I had seen there, and they loved the tale so much that they begged me to tell *you* something about it, as a great many of you from all over the Empire are sure to go there and see it for yourselves.



BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, WEMBLEY.

Transplanted limes in front of the restaurant adjoining the Palace of Engineering.

To begin with, the Exhibition is being held in what was lately a big private park, 216 acres in extent (even grown-ups will find it difficult to imagine this size unless they compare it with some piece of ground of which they already know the size, so I daresay



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ISLAND.

These poplars are where they stood originally, the lake (artificial) being formed around them, thus forming an island.

that this will not mean very much to you except that it is very huge). Buildings to hold the exhibits

are dotted about all over the grounds, but wherever possible, the big trees of the old park were allowed to remain; and wherever this was not possible, they have been "transplanted" to more convenient spots.



How the Rhododendrons for the Avenue, near the Main Entrance, were protected when sent out from the nurseries, whilst waiting planting.

You know what I mean by "transplanted" when speaking of little garden plants, but it would have surprised you to see, as I did, the clever way in which these big trees of forty feet in height, and weighing six to seven tons, were moved!



DRACÆNA AVENUE AT KERNICK, CORNWALL,

Where the plants for the New Zealand Grounds (Dracænas, New Zealand Flax, and Tree Ferns) are being reared.

You know some of Rudyard Kipling's books, don't you? He was the one who wrote *The Jungle Books*, *Just So Stories*, and *Rewards and Fairies*. Well! he was the one who was asked to name the roadways between the buildings, and he has thought of such lovely "Empire" names.

Now, if you enter by the big

in front of you. Continue straight ahead along "Drake's Way" and "King's Way," and on either side of you—running along the Palaces of Industry and Engineering for 600 yards—are flower borders. You all love bulbs, don't you? But I am sure that you have never seen 100,000 British-grown Darwin Tulips in flower, as those who visited the Exhibition during the earlier weeks did. These beds all through the summer will be very gay, as they were planted last autumn with huge quantities of our prettiest flowers; and in case any die, thousands are being kept in readiness to fill their places.

In your eagerness to see the insides of the Colonial Pavilions, don't forget to look at the grounds surrounding them, for each is being planted with typical vegetation. The "West Indies," for instance, has tropical plants: baby Cocoanuts, Pine-apples, Bananas, and such funny Cacti, just like a Turk's fez. You would have liked to have seen how the gardeners at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, made the seeds grow, which have resulted in the plants now growing round this pavilion, if only you had known that they were there.

All of you, whether boys or girls, will love the garden of the Queen's Doll's House—the boys, because of the clever way in which it is able to be tucked away out of sight; and the girls, because of its daintiness.

I expect that you have read quite a lot about this beautiful little house, but the garden is just as wonderful as everything else belonging to it.

The little lawns are made of green velvet with a tiny motor mowing-machine close by. Along the paved middle path are box-edged beds filled with Roses, Lilies, Sweet Peas, Poppies, and many other flowers. In wooden tubs are Hydrangea and Rhododendron, in stone vases are Agapanthus Lilies, and along the walls are Magnolia and pale Climbing Roses.

Naturally such tiny plants as these are not alive; they have been made by a very clever lady from repoussé metal enamelled in natural colours.

On the front doorstep is a white terrier; butterflies are hovering over the flowers; a mother thrush has laid some eggs in a nest; birds, and snails, and even fallen leaves, help to make the garden a very, very real one.

I have told you nothing about *your* garden this month, have I? but I hope I have told you something that will have interested you almost as much.

enter by the big main gate, you will see an avenue of Rhododendrons

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE III (*Concluded*)

THE two Germans did not put in an appearance at breakfast next day, and by 10 o'clock the Daimler was purring through the northern suburbs on its way to Hertfordshire.

"Now that I'm properly dressed again," observed Mr. Davenant, "I can swank in this nice car if we meet a Stonebridge fellow, instead of having to hide away simply sweating with funk."

"Business now, Towzer," cried Ambrose, "strict business. I have not yet explained to you how Buchler and Rosenberg will gain admission to Bremhill. Sir Andrew has another hobby besides inventions—Celtic antiquities. He has the finest private collection in the world of Celtic gold ornaments, dug up in Ireland and elsewhere. There is also a very complete collection of ancient flint weapons and implements. These are all arranged in a regular museum, which, by the way, is just outside Sir Andrew's study. The Nicholsons allow any one who makes a written application to see the museum, and I am ready to lay you twenty to one in shillings that we shall find at Bremhill that Messrs. Booker and Rosehill have applied for leave to see the museum to-morrow. You will like Lady Nicholson, she's a perfect old dear; and for goodness' sake, P.J., don't forget to call me 'Uncle Cyril.'"

Upon arriving at Bremhill, they found Lady Nicholson quite alone. She was an elderly lady of what is known as the "comfortable" type, overflowing with good nature and adipose tissue, and she welcomed Ambrose and his spurious "nephew" with the utmost kindness. At luncheon Ambrose inquired of Lady Nicholson whether there had been many visitors to the museum lately.

"Hardly any since the war began," answered Lady Nicholson, "though to-morrow I expect two gentlemen, a Mr. Booker and a Mr. Rosehill" (Ambrose and P.J. exchanged swift glances). "They have enclosed a letter of introduction from Mr. Armthwaite, one of the Yorkshire members of Parliament, a very old friend of ours. As they are friends of Mr. Armthwaite, I am sending to the station to meet them, and I have asked them to luncheon. Both Mr. Booker and Mr. Rosehill are, I believe, great authorities on Celtic art. It is most unfortunate that they should just have happened to come whilst Sir Andrew is away, and that dear old Fräulein Schrader, who is such an excellent guide, should also be away."

Mr. Davenant's face here began to twitch violently, until he broke into a fit of coughing, caused, as he explained, by his having swallowed something the wrong way.

After luncheon Ambrose obtained permission for

his "nephew" to roam at will over the place, and then drew P.J. out into the garden.

"Do you see that summer-house near the wood, Towzer? Meet me there in an hour and a half's time; I shall want to see you particularly. In the meantime, I advise you to go down to the big pond; you'll find a canoe on it and you can explore that island."

"Well, I rather thought of exploring the woods for some birds' nests. This ought to be a topping place for nests. I'll be at the summer-house in an hour and a half."

At the appointed time P.J. entered the summer-house carrying his cap carefully in both hands in front of him.

"Look, Mr. Ambrose, I've been most awfully lucky. Those are only blackbirds' and thrushes' eggs, but here is a redstart's and a bullfinch's, and this is a golden-crested wren's. A golden-crested is most frightfully difficult to blow through."

"Capital! capital! but I want to talk business, Towzer."

Mr. Davenant placed his capful of treasures on a rustic table with extreme care, and then sat down all attention.

"Can you drive, P.J.—I don't mean a motor, but a horse?"

"In a way I can," answered the surprised P.J. "I have driven mother about for years in her pony-carriage, but I don't mean to say that I could drive a four-in-hand."

"Good. That simplifies matters. Listen. The Nicholsons are very old-fashioned in one way; they hate motors, and have nothing but horses and carriages. Their head-coachman, Clarke, is a great friend of mine, a capital old fellow. He is as keen as mustard about the Special Constables; is one himself and patrols his beat regularly. In strict confidence, it was Clarke who first suspected old Fräulein, and put me on to her. Clarke is a man on whom I can thoroughly rely. He knows exactly how the land lies. Lady Nicholson has ordered a dogcart to meet the 12.2 train to-morrow at Chilcote station to bring our two doubtful friends here. Now if Towzer can drive, I don't see why Towzer shouldn't drive that particular dogcart, and use his sharp ears."

"But shouldn't I look rather odd driving? They'd smell a rat."

"Not if you were in groom's livery."

"Oh! What topping fun! Of course, I'll do it, Mr. Ambrose, and I daresay I shall be tipped five bob into the bargain. But where am I to get the livery?"

"There's a boy in the stables about your size, but he is a very thin boy. I have taken old Clarke into my confidence about our two visitors, as I know that he can be trusted. I'll arrange that it shall be a two-wheeled dogcart. Then one man will have to sit behind, and they will be obliged to talk across you."

"Oh! A jolly ingenious idea. Good business, Mr. Ambrose! May I imitate Alf our garden-boy at home? I've got his accent exactly. Isn't this going to be awful fun? I hope it won't be a very fiery steed."

"No, I'll see to that, but you must pretend that the horse is difficult to drive, or you would have to sit behind yourself, and then you would hear nothing."

They made their way to the large and beautifully neat stable-yard, where a short tubby elderly man with a beetroot complexion stood at the door of a coach-house.

"Clarke, here is the young man I spoke to you about. Will the livery fit him, do you think?"

Mr. Clarke touched his hat, and took a good look at P.J.

"Where there's a will there's a way, Mr. Ambrose; but the young gentleman won't find them togs of Ted's none too roomy for 'im. Here, you, Ted! Just bring your livery coat and waistcoat and 'at, and your top-boots as well, into my parlour." Lowering his voice the rubicund Mr. Clarke added confidentially, "Since you spoke to me, Mr. Ambrose, I've stuffed the lad up with a tale about a bet. He swallowed it all like butter, and perhaps you might see your way to 'anding 'im a trifle. He won't think nothink about anythink. Now, sir," he added to P.J., "come along of me, and we'll soon fit you."

In Mr. Clarke's parlour P.J., after repeated struggles, succeeded in drawing on the top-boots, and donned the rest of the kit.

"Mr. Clarke is going to give you Stella, a very quiet mare to drive," went on Ambrose, after shutting the door. "You will drive them to the lower garden gate, which I will show you, and *not* to the front door, as the butler might recognize you. As you cannot come into the house in livery, Mr. Clarke has been kind enough to invite you to dinner.—These are two very dangerous men that we are after, Clarke."

"Can't be much worse than the old 'un we 'ave 'ere, Mr. Ambrose, plotting and scheming away from morning to night she is," declared Mr. Clarke emphatically, as he pointed to the front door of Bremhill Hall.

The lad Ted was sweeping the yard as they passed through it, and he grinned gratefully as an unexpectedly large *douceur* was pressed into his not unwilling palm.

"I'm looking forward tremendously to to-morrow, Mr. Ambrose," cried P.J., as they walked back to the house; "but I'm not looking forward to wearing those beastly tight boots."

"My dear boy, let me impress on you that this is not play, but serious and possibly dangerous work."

After Lady Nicholson had retired that night, P.J. took a chair by Ambrose in front of the fire.

"Have you ever been on the roof here, Mr. Ambrose? It's a large flat roof with a little staircase leading up to it. I went up to see the view, and I found something there. I found this," and he drew a small object about two inches long from his pocket.

"Just an ordinary electric bulb, isn't it?" said Ambrose, examining the little glass object without interest.

"Not a bit of it," answered P.J., the wireless enthusiast awakening in him. "This is a V 24 thermionic valve, the sort of detector up-to-date

people use now instead of the old-fashioned coherer. You know what coherers are, of course? Those tubes with nickel and silver filings enclosed in a vacuum, that stand at attention, so to speak, when a current goes through the tubes."

"My dear boy, I am afraid it is all Greek to me. Wireless telegraphy came in long after my day," said Ambrose, shaking his head.

"All the same I expect they were rather amusing times, with mail coaches, and sailing ships, and semaphore telegraphy, as long as you weren't in a hurry," observed P.J. consolingly.

"I am unquestionably middle-aged," smiled Ambrose, "but I don't quite go back to the Middle Ages, P.J. What is there extraordinary about your thermometer valve?"

"Not thermometer—thermionic. Isn't this a nutty little beggar? You can just see the tungsten filament there!"

"But what happens with your tungsten filament?"

"When it is heated up, it gives off electrons," continued P.J., now fairly started on his hobby. "But it is awfully difficult for me to explain. Do you know what C.W.'s are?—continuous waves, you know."

Ambrose shook his head.

"Well, with this valve, and the power from the electric light in the house, old Schrader could receive messages here, but—how far are we from London? about twenty-five miles, I suppose—I don't think that there would be enough juice (that means current) to send from here. That isn't nearly all. There are two iron staples driven into the chimneys on the roof."

"What do you suppose they are for?" inquired Ambrose.

"I don't suppose anything at all," grinned P.J. "I jolly well know. They're for fixing insulators on, and between the insulators you fix your antennæ; some people call them aerials. You see I had a wireless installation of my own at home before the war. Dad helped me to fix it up, and I used to talk to a pal of mine at Beckenham."

"That is where you young chaps get the pull nowadays. I only wish that I myself knew more about wireless and scientific subjects in general."

"Stinks are the only things that I can ever learn; I'm an awful fat-head at other work. I don't suppose that Lady Nicholson has a W.T.—that's wireless—installation on the roof here, or the butler, or the cook, or Mr. Clarke; so there's only Fräulein left. If she were here, I should just call her 'Sparks' once to see the face she'd make. Do you see where the terminal of this thermionic valve is broken? Fräulein must have dropped it, and it fell into one of those lead stunts that catch the water from the gutters, much too far down for her to reach. I had the deuce of a job climbing down to it, and as near as a toucher slipped. You said that you had no evidence against Fräulein, Mr. Ambrose. Isn't this evidence? I bet you'll find the rest of her wireless outfit if you hunt about a bit in her room."

"I am afraid that it is pretty conclusive evidence. I am thinking, I confess, less of Fräulein than of dear

old Lady Nicholson with her weak heart. She believes so in Fräulein, and this will give her a terrible shock."

"It is rough luck on her, and she's so awfully decent. I'm off now; sleepy again. I was rather bucked at finding that valve, and I'm looking forward awfully to to-morrow."

"A wonderfully sharp boy that, and amazingly observant," commented Ambrose to himself when he was alone. "He has natural gifts for this work."

Ambrose drew P.J. on to the lawn next morning.

"I want no scene in this house on account of Lady Nicholson's weak heart," he began. "It might prove fatal to her, so whatever is done must be done outside. You know the garden gate. Drive them there, and you will find me waiting for you. You may have some rather important work to do this afternoon, though, I confess, I hardly feel justified in exposing you to a possible element of danger."

"Mr. Ambrose," said P.J., reddening, "I may be a duffer, but I hope I'm not a funkier."

"I know that already, my dear boy, but I was thinking of your parents. Time is getting on. Towzer had better be going to the stables, where Ted will act as your valet and squeeze you into your livery."

During the next quarter of an hour subdued squeals of anguish could have been heard issuing from the harness-room as the grinning Ted proceeded with P.J.'s toilet, until Mr. Davenant, very dapper indeed in snowy leather breeches, the smartest of top-boots, a blue-and-white striped waistcoat, a blue coat with a yellow collar and gilt buttons, a cockaded hat, and white gloves, strutted into the stable-yard, immensely pleased with his own appearance.

Two portly gentlemen issuing from Chilcote station at 12.2 found a very spick-and-span dogcart, with a showy mare in the shafts, driven by a remarkably smart little groom, awaiting them. The dapper little groom, in a fairly creditable imitation of the Cockney accents of Alf, the Beechfield garden-boy, inquired, with a touch of his cockaded hat, whether they were the gentlemen for Bremhill 'All. Upon receiving an answer, the groom proceeded: "I'd better drive, sir, this 'ere mare is very tricky; 'ard to 'old at times. Very artful she is."

A short colloquy followed between the two strangers.

"Ach! no. The poy shall also trive," and the fair-haired stranger swung himself heavily into the front seat beside the groom, whilst his friend climbed into the back seat. Exactly what Ambrose had anticipated occurred. Before they were clear of the station-yard the man in the back seat slewed himself round and began a low conversation in German which lasted uninterruptedly till they reached the lower garden gate, the groom meanwhile wearing a face of absolute wooden stolidity. Ambrose was standing at the garden gate, and P.J. waited a little before driving off, actuated, it must be owned, by the hope of some slight pecuniary acknowledgment of his services. When he realized that none was forthcoming, he drove back to the stable-yard, where the tomato-complexioned Mr. Clarke, in his character of Special Constable, assumed the manner of a stage-

conspirator. "Anything 'appened, sir?" he inquired in a hoarse whisper. "Mr. Ambrose is coming round to 'ave a word with you before he goes in to 'is dinner." And as he said it Ambrose appeared.

"Come into the harness-room, P.J. I've only a few minutes. Has Towzer anything to tell me?"

"You were quite right, Mr. Ambrose, they talked in German across me the whole time. Buchler, the fair-haired one, has the key, and will do the job. If he has to, he'll sham being ill. Rosenberg is to keep on jawing to Lady Nicholson to prevent her noticing anything. They've got a plan of the house. If what they say about old Fräulein is true, she must be pretty hot stuff. Buchler barged into me getting into the trap, and he has something big and hard under his coat. I could feel it quite plainly. A revolver, I suppose. And I noticed that the other chap stuck out behind in just the same place, as he got out of the cart. What are 'Ogham stones,' and 'fibulæ,' and 'lunulæ,' and 'golden torques'? They kept on repeating them to each other as if they were mugging them up. The wheels made such a row that I couldn't hear everything. That's all, I think, except that I hoped that they were going to tip me, and they never gave me a blessed cent."

"'Ogham stones,' and 'fibulæ,' and the rest of them are various Celtic antiquities, and they've evidently been reading them up in the encyclopædia. So both men have pistols. Thank you, observant little Towzer. I'll manage to slip out after luncheon to have a few more words with you."

In about an hour and a half Ambrose reappeared in Mr. Clarke's parlour, and led P.J. off to the harness-room again.

"The two men are being taken round the gardens by the head gardener; so I have half an hour or more to spare. At three o'clock Lady Nicholson takes our friends round the museum herself. Then comes tea. At 5.30 sharp, the dogcart is to be at the lower garden gate, and the drive to the station may be an exciting one. Can you use a revolver, P.J.?"

"I never fired one off in my life."

"That complicates matters; I must think things over. As I told you, owing to Lady Nicholson's bad heart, we can have no scene or disturbance in this house. I have written two letters which old Clarke will take over to Whitborough on a hack. When my six men get these orders, they will take up the position I have indicated on the road to Chilcote station, just beyond the signpost marked 'Welwyn, 6 miles.' On leaving the lodge gates, turn sharp to the left, and go straight on. Then take the first road to the right and keep on as straight as you can go. You had better write that down on your shirt-cuff."

P.J. extended his wrist. "Flannel," he grinned. "Oh! I know; I can write on these beastly leathers that are hurting me so. The coat will hide everything," and taking Ambrose's pencil he wrote down his road directions on the thigh of his lavishly pipe-clayed leather breeches.

Mr. Clarke's rubicund face appeared in the doorway. "I have got the cob saddled if your letters

are ready, Mr. Ambrose," he said in the hoarse whisper that was his official Special Constable's voice. "Shan't be no time getting there," he added, swinging himself ponderously into the saddle, and sedately riding off.

"Have you got your route right, P.J.? It is important. I am sending you a mile and a half out of your road in order to give me time to follow in my motor and to block the road just beyond the

here it is empty. Hide it in that drawer for the present, and later on put it under the cushion of your driving-seat. When I draw my gun on Rosenberg, you level that empty pistol at Buchler's head. He, of course, will not know that it is unloaded, so it will do just as well. You are on no account to allow Buchler to get his revolver out of his hip pocket. If he tries it, don't hesitate to hit him over the head with all your strength with the butt-end of your revolver. I rely on you to stop his drawing out his pistol. You thoroughly understand, don't you, my boy, that both our lives may depend on your preventing this? You can stand up in the cart, for my man will go to the mare's head at once. Now, have you grasped it all?"

"Yes, I think so. That blighter shan't draw his revolver, even if I have to bash his ugly head in to prevent it."

At twenty minutes past five, Mr. Davenant, having carefully brushed his high hat, and drawn on his white gloves, took his place in the driving-seat with his heart beating wildly. He was conscious of the presence of the revolver, which he could feel pressing against his leathers through the cushion. At the garden gate Lady Nicholson took a cordial farewell of her visitors, who also shook hands with Ambrose. This time it was the dark Rosenberg who seated himself next the groom.

P.J., remembering his instructions, turned to the left on leaving the lodge gates, and drove very slowly to give Ambrose more time to reach his destination by the direct road. As the Welwyn signpost came into view he felt his heart thumping like a steam engine.

Some ten yards farther on, Ambrose's car, drawn across the road, completely blocked the narrow Hertfordshire lane. Ambrose and White, the plain-clothes man, were seated in the car. White went quietly to the mare's head, whilst Ambrose came forward with a smiling face. The groom stood up, pulled off his gloves, and placed his right hand under the driving-seat.

"I must apologize for my motor breaking down, Mr. Booker. I am afraid that you may find it difficult to get by"—and then, suddenly covering him with his revolver, he added, "And now, Heinrich Buchler, I must trouble you for the drawings you stole from Sir Andrew's room this afternoon. I must also ask you for the key of Sir Andrew's desk, which Fräulein Schrader had made for you."

Rosenberg, on the front seat, made some guttural exclamation, and his hand darted to his hip pocket, but long before the movement was completed, he found himself gazing at a small ring of steel, held about two inches from his eyes, whilst a half-broken voice snapped out, "Hände hinauf, Du! Sonst



Welwyn signpost. Then look out for squalls. One of my plain-clothes men is here already in the coach-house. He will come with me; the others should be in their places by 5.15. The plans have probably been already stolen. I shall take them from Buchler on the road. Now, attend carefully to me, for human lives may be at stake. I daren't trust you with a loaded revolver, for, as you are unused to them, you might kill some one by accident; but

schiesse ich" ("Hands up, you! or I shoot"). Rosenberg's hands went up at once, but on turning his amazed gaze at the source of the voice, he found that it proceeded from a small top-booted Hertfordshire groom, who was addressing him, not only in fluent German, but with real *Preussische Grobheit* (Prussian roughness). His unconcealed astonishment at this was so comical that Mr. Davenant, much elated at the success of his first experiment with a human target, nearly burst out laughing. And thus they stood for about two minutes, the big German with hands obediently held aloft, the little groom holding his revolver at him.

Meanwhile Ambrose found himself in an unexpectedly difficult position. He soon discovered that both P.J. and White, the plain-clothes man, were in the direct line of fire. Should he be forced to pull the trigger, he would unquestionably kill Buchler, but would also almost certainly either kill or wound his young friend and his assistant. Ambrose began manœuvring for a different angle of fire, and edged away to his right. Buchler, who had been watching Ambrose intently, suddenly sprang from the back seat of the cart right on to his adversary, and they both rolled together in the dust of the road.

P.J., hearing the sound of the double fall, not unnaturally turned his eyes that way. Instantly, he felt his right arm seized in a grasp of steel, and twisted back till he thought it would break. Numb with the pain, he relaxed his grasp on his revolver, and the empty weapon clattered innocuously to the ground, as White left the mare's head to rush to Ambrose's assistance. Rosenberg's hand stole again to his hip pocket, and P.J., remembering his instructions that under no circumstances was he to allow the German to draw his revolver, had to decide on his course of action quickly. Stella, the mare, free of control, moved forward a few steps, and as both P.J. and Rosenberg were standing up, they had some difficulty in keeping their balance. P.J. instantly decided to charge Rosenberg as vigorously as he could in the cramped space. The big German tottered in the swaying cart and fell heavily out of the trap face downwards on the grass beside the road, and P.J., unable to recover his balance, followed him.

The old mare, moving on a few paces, began to graze placidly on the young grass by the roadside. Rosenberg, partially stunned by his fall, lay still, but P.J., alighting on the other's corpulent body, was but little the worse and soon recovered his breath. Remembering Ambrose's specific instructions to him, he felt under Rosenberg's coat, and unbuttoning his hip-pocket, he hurled the revolver it contained some twenty feet down the road. Inserting the fingers of his left hand into the German's collar, Mr. Davenant then proceeded to hack and pommel his big adversary with all the strength of his young muscles.

"If you're asking for more, you'll jolly well get it, my beauty," shouted Mr. Davenant. "Lie down again, you dog, and be good; you haven't got your pistol any more, you know." And he continued his onslaught till the half-dazed Rosenberg sank again to the ground.

Giving his feet, fists, and knees a short rest, P.J. turned round to see how Ambrose was faring. Ambrose, looking somewhat heated, was standing up surveying Buchler's prostrate body in the road, whilst White was adjusting something which closed with a click round the German's wrists.

"Now slip the bracelets on the other man too, White," cried Ambrose.

"I've got my blighter as quiet as a lamb now," sang out Mr. Davenant cheerily.

"I do trust you are not hurt or injured in any way, my dear lad," inquired Ambrose anxiously. "I had no idea that this would prove such rough work."

"Ach! I am half tead," moaned Mr. Rosenberg, after being handcuffed. "That plasted poy has also proken my pack."

"I'm as right as rain, thanks, and we had a lovely scrap. But have you got the drawings back, Mr. Ambrose?" chirruped P.J.

"I shall have in two minutes," replied Ambrose, as he passed his fingers over Buchler's clothing. "Ah! in an inside pocket of the waistcoat, I see," and tearing it open, he extracted two large square blue envelopes. "Exactly, I thought so. Turn out his pockets, White, and see if you can find a brand-new key. Thank you, I thought it would be there. Ah! here come my men, forty minutes after their time."

The purr of a motor was heard, and it pulled up alongside the car which was blocking the road.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Ambrose sternly. "You are nearly three-quarters of an hour late. Those men might have escaped. White and I have had to tackle them ourselves with the assistance of—that young groom there."

"Very sorry, sir. We had a bad puncture outside Welwyn, which took us an hour to repair."

"That is the sort of excuse I don't accept, Jones. It is your duty to see that your tyres are in good condition. Next time this happens, back to the uniformed Force you go."

P.J. heard one of the men remarking that "the young chap seems to 'ave 'ad a bit of a doing," and glancing down at his own attire, he noticed its condition for the first time. He gave a loud chuckle.

"My aunt!" he remarked in a low voice to Ambrose, "I have gone and mucked these togs up," and it may safely be said that no more disreputable carriage groom had ever been seen. As for Rosenberg his back presented rather the appearance of a zebra, for his dark clothing was marked with streaks of white pipeclay wherever his little opponent had viciously jabbed his knees into him. The boots that had been so brightly polished were now muddied and dimmed, and the smooth yellow-ochre complexion of the tops had rubbed itself off on to Rosenberg's lower garments, so that Mr. Davenant's appearance was distinctly peculiar.

"Jones, take the two prisoners up to London; you know where to," ordered Ambrose. "I shall be there to-morrow at eleven. And you, White, drive my car back to Bremhill. I shall go home in the dogcart."

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS:



Tommy and the Gingerbreads

BY EVELYN HARDY

"MOTHER," said Tommy one day, "best in the world I love you and Daddy and Billy-pup, and next best I love gingerbreads." It was tea-time, and Tommy was having gingerbreads for a treat.

"We don't talk about loving food, Tommy," said Mother. "We love our friends and flowers and animals, but not food."

"I do," said Tommy. "I should love to live on gingerbreads."

"Tommy," said Mother, wrinkling her forehead, for Tommy was a greedy little boy,

up gingerbread and milk till his tongue felt quite hot, and then he went off to bed.

When the sun came shining in at the window next morning Tommy woke up. The house was full of the warm smell of bacon. "Hooray," chirped Tommy, "bacon!" and he started to sing "Ba-con, be-oo-tiful bacon," as he brushed his hair. But when Tommy got downstairs he found a plate laden with gingerbreads in front of his place. Why, of course, Tommy had quite forgotten Mother's promise he was to have gingerbreads. Tommy smiled a bright smile, kissed his Father and Mother, and sat down to breakfast.

Father read the paper, Mother read a letter from Tommy's aunt in Canada. Tommy ate gingerbreads.

Very soon Mother heard Tommy say, "My biscuits *are* lovely: I'll just have a little bit of bacon now, it smells so delicious."

"Oh no, Tommy," Mother said, "remember your gingerbreads; you are going to have them for ever and ever."

"Yes, of course," Tommy answered. "Ever and ever" sounded a long time somehow; still, gingerbreads were lovely. Of course, bacon smelt nice, that was all, and Tommy ate another gingerbread.

It was holiday time. After breakfast Tommy whistled to Billy-pup, his raggy-eared little terrier, and set off down the road. All the sunny morning he watched some haymakers making hay, till their dinners were brought up in a cart, tied in gaily coloured handkerchiefs. The haymakers sat down among the hay to enjoy their meal. Such nice white bread they had, and slabs of cheese as thick as Tommy's wrist. Perhaps you have forgotten that I told you Tommy was a greedy boy. He was longing to be nibbling at that cheese. He turned round and went home to dinner.

Mother was looking out for him at the garden gate. "Well, Tommy-boy, hungry?"

"M-yes," said Tommy.



"just think of having gingerbreads for breakfast and dinner and tea."

"And supper," said Tommy. "That's what I should like; just gingerbreads, always and always gingerbreads."

"Very well," Mother said, "you shall have your wish. I will give you just gingerbreads."

Tommy could hardly believe his ears. He began to look forward to supper-time already.

When supper-time came Tommy gobbled

Somehow he wished he was living his ordinary life again and going to find stew or ham, or perhaps apple-tart on the table. He ate his gingerbreads quickly and then went out, humming a tune that he tried not to make doleful. "Ever and ever. Gingerbreads for ever and ever," thought Tommy. "All my days, gingerbreads. Every Sunday and every Monday, and every other day right up to the time when I am a big man and have a pipe. Dear, dear, it sounds a long time."

Tommy thought about this till tea-time.

Tea-time came, and the sight of a fresh plate of gingerbreads made him feel sick. *How* he envied Mother eating plain bread and butter! He dipped his gingerbread in his tea to see if it tasted any better. No. Worse!

"More gingerbread, Tommy?" said Mother.

"I think I've had enough, thank you, Mother."

"All right, dear. Enjoyed your tea?"

"Yes, thank you, Mother." Tommy tried to stretch his face into a smile.

Tommy escaped into the garden, and the first thing he came upon was Billy-pup worrying a piece of gingerbread. This was too much for Tommy to bear; the horrible sight set him running. He set off for the village. Tommy ran and ran; he did not care where he went so long as he could get away from the sight of gingerbreads—he never, never wanted to see one in his life again. As he ran through the village the only thing he seemed to see in the baker's window was a jar full of gingerbreads. Tommy ran faster still. He ran like a hare.

Long after his bedtime Tommy reached home, tired out and heart-sore. He flung himself into Mother's arms crying,—

"O Mother! do what you like, only, *only* don't give me gingerbreads!"

"Darling Tommy," said Mother, as she kissed him, "I wasn't going to."



Saint Augustine of Canterbury

IT was market-day in the great city of Rome, and the people were busy buying and selling and shouting, just as they do to-day with us, when market-day comes round. But there was a great difference between this Roman market and ours, a difference which would have seemed to us strange and cruel. For instead of sheep and oxen, or green vegetables from the country, they were selling men and boys, and even little maidens. There in the great market-place, with the sun beating down on their bare heads, they stood, looking with dull, despairing eyes, or with frightened glances, at the crowds of buyers and sellers who were bargaining around.

Suddenly a hush fell on the crowd, and a stately figure was seen crossing the square. People stood aside and bent their heads in reverence as Gregory passed by, for he was Abbot of a great monastery in Rome, and was much beloved even by the rough Roman soldiers. He walked swiftly as if he did not care to linger in the market-place, for it grieved his gentle heart to see the suffering of the slaves when he could do nothing to help them.

But suddenly the crowd seemed to divide in front of him, and he stopped in wonder at the sight which met his eyes. It was only a group of little fair-haired English boys who had been captured in the wars, and carried off to be sold as slaves in the Roman market. But Gregory had never seen anything like them before. All around were dark-eyed, swarthy-faced Italians, or darker-skinned slaves from Africa, and these boys with their sunny, golden hair, fair faces, and eyes blue as the sky overhead, seemed to him creatures from a different world.

"Whence come these children, and what name do they bear?" asked the bishop of a man who stood beside him.

"From a savage island far over the sea," he answered, "and men call them Angles."

Then the kind bishop looked with pitying eyes upon the beautiful children, and said to himself, as he turned to go: "They should be called not Angles, but angels."

The sight of those boys, so strong and fearless and beautiful, made Gregory think a great deal about the little island of Britain, far away across the sea, from whence they had come. He knew the people who

lived there were a fierce, warlike race, having a strange religion of their own, and that very few of them were Christians. But he knew, too, that though they were hard to conquer, still they were a people worth teaching, and he longed to win them to the side of Christ and to show them how to serve the true God.

In those days people in Italy knew very little about that far-away island, and it seemed to them as difficult and dangerous to go to England as it would seem to us to go to the wildest part of Africa.

So it may well be believed that when Saint Gregory, who was now Pope of Rome, chose forty monks and sent them on a mission to this distant island, they were not very anxious to go, and set out in fear and trembling.

But at their head was one who knew no fear and who was willing to face any dangers in the service of his Master. This man was Augustine, a monk of Rome, whom Gregory had chosen to lead the mission, knowing that his courage would strengthen the others, and his wisdom would guide them aright.

It took many long days and nights of travel to reach the coast where they were to find a ship to carry them across to Britain, and before they had gone very far, the forty monks were inclined to turn back in despair. From every side they heard such terrible tales of the savage islanders they were going to meet, that their hearts, never very courageous, were filled with terror, and they refused to go farther. Nothing that Augustine could say would persuade them to go on, and they would only agree that he should go back to Rome and bear their prayers to Saint Gregory, imploring him not to force them to face such horrible danger. If Augustine would do this they promised to wait his return and to do then whatever the Pope ordered.

They had not to wait many days, for Augustine speedily brought back the Pope's answer. His dark face glowed and his eyes shone with the light of victory, as he read to them the letter which Saint Gregory had sent. There was to be no thought of going back. Saint Gregory's words were few, but decisive. "It is better not to begin a work than to turn back as soon as danger threatens; therefore, my beloved sons, go forward by the help of our Lord."

So they obeyed, and with Augustine at their head once more set out, hardly hoping to escape the perils of the journey, and expecting, if they did arrive, to be speedily put to death by the savage islanders.

But though they did not know it, they had really nothing to fear from the island people, for the queen of that part of England where they landed was a Christian, and had taught the King Ethelbert to show mercy and kindness. So when the company

of cold, shivering monks came ashore they were met with a kind and courteous welcome, and instead of enemies they found friends.

The king himself came to meet them, and he ordered the little band of foreigners to be brought before him, that he might learn their errand. He did not receive them in any hall or palace, but out in the open air, for it seemed safer there, in case these strangers should be workers of magic.

It must have been a strange scene when the forty monks, with Augustine at their head, walked in procession up from the beach to the broad green meadow where the king and his soldiers waited for them. The tall, fair-haired warriors who stood around, sword in hand, ready to defend their king, must have looked with surprise at these black-robed men with shaven heads and empty hands. They carried no weapons of any sort, and they seemed to bear no banner to tell men whence they came. Only the foremost monks carried on high a silver cross and the picture of a crucified Man, and instead of shouts and warcries there was the sound of a melodious chant sung by many voices, yet seeming as if sung by one.

Then Augustine stood out from among the company of monks and waited for the king to speak.

"Who art thou, and from whence have come these men who are with thee?" asked the king.

Slowly Augustine began to tell the story of their pilgrimage and the message they had brought. So long he spoke that the sun began to sink and the twilight fell over the silent sea that lay stretched out beyond the meadow where they sat before his story was done.

The king bent forward, thoughtfully weighing the words he had heard, and looking into the faces of these strange messengers of peace. At length he spoke, and the weary monks and stalwart warriors listened eagerly to his words.

"Thou hast spoken well," he said, "and it may be there is truth in what thou sayest. But a man does not change his religion in an hour. I will hear more of this. But meanwhile ye shall be well cared for, and all who choose may listen to your message."

And soon King Ethelbert gave the little company a house of their own, and allowed them to build up the ancient church at Canterbury, which had fallen into ruins.

And before very long the people began to listen eagerly to their teaching, and the king himself was baptized with many others. The chant which the monks had sung that first day of their landing no longer sounded strange and mysterious in the ears of the islanders, for they too learnt to sing the "Alleluia" and to praise God beneath the silver cross.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than June 16 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for June

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write a short essay on "Which is the better—town life or country life?" stating your reasons.

ANIMAL PUZZLE

Name the animals in the picture on this page. Write one fact about each of them, and say in what countries they are found.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of yourself and a friend in a canoe, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

One day as you were going along the street you found a gold ring. Make up a short story about what happened afterwards.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a cricketer, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

TREES OF ALL KINDS

(The answer in each case is the name of a tree.)

1. To long for.
2. Found in the kitchen grate.
3. Used in building.
4. An island in Asia.
5. Where children like to play.
6. A joiner's tool.
7. A pronoun.
8. Smart and neat.
9. Feared by naughty schoolboys.
10. Part of the body.

Find out the answers, and make a drawing of the leaves of any five of the trees.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter telling what you see during your walk to school each day.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a spade and pail, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.



Prize List for April

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Doris Galloway, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Joan E. Davids, 6 Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.6.

Honourable Mention.—Phyllis Pickett, Fulham, S.W.6; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; Ella Keyse, Gorsley; Irene Roper, Fulham, S.W.6; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School; Connie Chamberlain, Southfields, S.W.18; Lucy Clara Medgett, Blackhorse Road School, Walthamstow; Alice James, Haverfordwest.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE

The hidden historical characters were:—(1) Wellington; (2) Shakespeare; (3) Columbus; (4) Milton; (5) William Penn; (6) Canute; (7) Cardinal Wolsey; (8) Hampden; (9) Buckingham; (10) Martin Luther; (11) Robert Peel; (12) Joan of Arc; (13) Napoleon.

The following were the most neatly written of the numerous correct solutions sent in. Several lost marks because of the names being wrongly spelt.

Prize-Winners.—Jeanie Reid, 4 Ritchie Street, West Kilbride. James Balshaw, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Jacky Jones, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Alfred M'Donald, Station Cottages, Greenisland, Co. Antrim. Eileen Harris, 37 Brunswick Park Road, Wednesbury, Staffs. Lily Beveridge, 64 Neville Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

Honourable Mention.—Jessie Dring, Fulham; James W. B. Ruffle, Shenfield; Lambert Whittaker, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Leonard Simpson, Ilford; John Hutchison, Newmilns; Kathleen Penney and Gladys Marchant, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Rita Barrett, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; Winifred Brookes, Fulham, S.W.6; Zoë Ethel Stericker, Cobham, Surrey; Avis F. Sargent, Earlsfield, S.W.18; Margaret Adamson, Sheffield; John Vincent, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Flora Robertson, Glasgow; Jean D. Nicol, Langside; Marjorie Watson, Baily, Co. Dublin; Alfred Lawrence, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; E. J. Meadon, Worsley; Eileen L. Yates, Edinburgh; Laura Forsythe, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone; Delia Cantell, Buckingham; Robert Tarr, St. James's School, Taunton; Dorothea T. Hepburn, Edinburgh; Ruth Church, Tonbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Smith, Wyndholm, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable. W. Hewson, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Ernest F. Broom, St. James's School, Taunton.

Honourable Mention.—William Richards, St. James's School, Taunton; Albert Williams, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Jim Balshaw, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Olive Luxford, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Minnie Smith, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent. Lilian Ormerod, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Ellis and Norah Lauder, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Cuthbert Elford, Horbury Junction, Wakefield; Matthew Balshaw and Margaret Hough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Irene Bishop, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School; Marjorie Kail, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Helen Watshaw, Halifax.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

(The best drawing in this section was, unfortunately, sent without a name or address. There was only one other drawing which merited a prize.)

Prize-Winner.—Horace Dawson, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Minnie Smith, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent; Matthew Balshaw, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Elfreda Elford, St. Mary's Vicarage, Horbury Junction, Wakefield; Philip Goode, Marlbrook, near Bromsgrove.

PAT'S PARTY

The answers were:—(1) Path; (2) Patrol; (3) Patent; (4) Patron; (5) Patience; (6) Patriarch; (7) Patriot; (8) Patch; (9) Patient; (10) Pathetic; (11) Patter; (12) Patterns.

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Patricia Labram, 74 Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, London, S.W.16. Arnold P. Austin, "Woodcroft," Fernleigh Road, Grange-over-Sands. Mary E. Walker, Croft House, Downham, Norfolk.

Honourable Mention.—Christine Weedon, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Lorna F. Ogilvie, Stewarton, Ayrshire; William Crichton, Inverurie; Winnie Calder, Trinity, Edinburgh; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley; Annie Barnes, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Evelyn Adamson, Sheffield; Joseph W. Rathbone, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Mary Meadon, Worsley, near Manchester; Lilian M'Kenzie, Kilmainham, Dublin; Mary Smith, Glasgow.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Isabel Shand, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs. Myrtle Prowse, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Ruth E. MacKinder, Alford, Lincolnshire; Margaret MacLachlan, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Peggy Hambly, London, E.17; Douglas Cooper, Antrim; Peggy Lander, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—John Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton. Fred Cromey, Charlotte Street, Ballymoney.

Honourable Mention.—Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; May Webster, Rubery, Birmingham; Winifred Megaw, Breagh, Belfast.

Motto for June

To stand by one's friend to the uttermost end,
And fight a fair fight with one's foe;
Never to quit, and never to twit,
And never to peddle one's woe.

LORD BYRON.

Sent in by ERIC WINTER,
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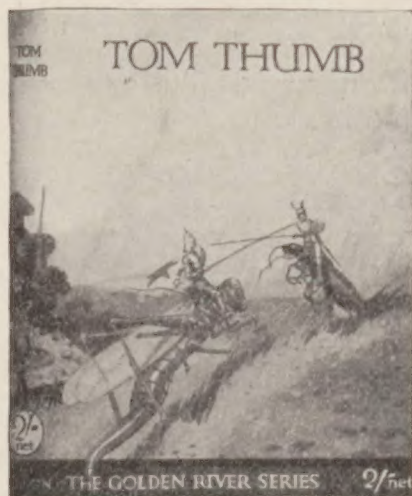
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**CHILDREN'S PAPER
COMPETITION FORM.** [June

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Age last Birthday.....